



FRIDAY afternoon as Nancy walked home from school a group of boys and girls came up beside her. They all lived in her neighborhood and she had watched them playing many times.

"Hello, Nancy," one of the girls said, "want to play with us after our homework's done?" It was Esther Mills, a yellow-haired girl who sat in front of Nancy at class. This was the first time any of the children had asked her to play with them, for Nancy was a "new girl." She had moved to Gardenville only a few weeks before and had been very lonely since school started.

"We're going to have barrels of fun!" Esther's brother, Karl, put in.

"We sure are!" two or three of the others told her.

"I'd like to," Nancy answered, "I haven't any homework, but I may have to run to the store for Mother."

"All right," Karl agreed, "come over to the vacant lot behind our house. Our Club meets there every Friday. Maybe we'll let you join" he promised.

When they reached the corner where Nancy turned to go home, they all waved and told her to "be sure to come."

Nancy ran into the house and put away her books. Her mother was making over an old dress for her; she looked up when Nancy entered the sewing room, and smiled.

"Well, how did my little girl get along today?" she asked.

"Oh, splendid, Mother!" Nancy told her. "Esther Mills asked me to come over and play with her, and a lot of others! May I go?"

"If you haven't any homework to do, dear. But be sure to come back before six. Daddy will be here and we want to sit down to dinner together, you know." When Nancy had changed her school dress for a play-time one, she ran back to tell her Mother "good bye."

"Nancy, dear," her mother said, gently, "you do not know the little Mills children very well so do try your best

The New Girl

By M. Lucile Ridge

to let them see that Daddy and I have done our duty in bringing you up. . . . Clean, Honest, and always to Play Fair."

"I'll remember," Nancy promised, taking a big red apple from the basket on the table. "I'm going now, good bye!"



"Hello, Nancy, want to play with us after our homework's done?"

Esther and Karl were already at the play lot; and just as Nancy came up, another member of the Club ran over. He was a tall boy named Leslie Keith.

Karl was busily engaged making something that looked very much like a scarecrow! It was a scarecrow! He had found some old clothes in the shed and he and Esther had stuffed them. Esther painted features on an old white stocking for a face and the "crow" looked very real and really very terrible, too.

"Here she is!" Esther and Karl both cried at once.

"Who made the swell scarecrow?" asked Leslie.

"Esther and I," Karl answered. "I made most of it, though. Listen, now; we'll take Old Mister Scarecrow down the hill and hide him. Then, one of us will sneak over to Granny Newgent's house and ring her door bell . . . and run. Then we'll drag Mister Scarecrow over and just as Granny Newgent opens the door, we'll sling him up on the steps!"

"Whew! Won't he make some noise!" Leslie shouted.

"He's stuffed with cans and bottles," Esther giggled.

Just then two chubby-faced boys and a girl in a red coat and cap came running across the lot. They were Fred and Will Clark, and Josie Hayes, and they were all in Nancy's room at school. How they all laughed when Karl explained the fun they were going to have. "Who's going to ring the door bell?" one of the chubby boys asked.

"Nancy will!" Esther said. "Won't you, Nancy?"

"She's got to—if she belongs to our Club," Karl added.

"Sure she has . . . she isn't afraid to do that much," the girl named Josie declared.

"Well, what's the matter with her then?" Fred wanted to know. "Isn't she going to help us make Granny jump?"

"Indeed, I'm not!" Nancy flared up. It took a great deal of courage for Nancy to say that, too, for she wanted to play with them . . . and now they would never allow her to be a member of their Club!

"Aw . . . why won't you?" Karl Mills asked, sullenly. Cowardy! that's the reason."

"Why won't you, then?" Josie asked, putting her hand on Nancy's shoulder.

"Because it's not honest!" Nancy declared, "and it's not playing fair. I think it's cowardly for all of us to tease Granny Newgent. . . ."

"Well, she's cranky and chases us out of her yard like we were thieves or something," Leslie said, digging the toe of his shoe into the soft earth.

"She's just afraid to—that's all," one of the chubby boys remarked.

"I don't think it's fair play for us to tease an old lady who lives all alone," Nancy declared. "I'd better go home now, you won't want me to be in your Club, anyway."

"What did you think we were going to do?" Karl Mills asked.

"I thought—perhaps, you were going to rake leaves and roast potatoes, or marshmallows,—that's what we used to do in Bellevue," Nancy told them.

"Oh! let's do!" Josie Hayes shouted.

"We haven't done that for ages . . . and it's loads of fun!"

"My mother has two boxes of marshmallows left over from her party," one of the chubby boys cried, doing a little Indian dance. "I'll go get them, right now!"

"I guess we'd better do something like that anyhow," Leslie said, thoughtfully. "I'm going to be a Boy Scout soon as I'm old enough to join . . . and they stand for Fair Play first of all!"

"Nancy's right!" Josie Hayes decided.

"Sure she is!" they all agreed, "and she can be a member if she wants to!" So Nancy had heaps of fun that day and made all of the Club members her friends . . . because she had dared to stand by her colors.

The Boyhood of John Muir

By M. Louise C. Hastings

ONE of the most unusual and fascinating boyhoods is that of John Muir, who was a lover of the mountains, a geologist, a naturalist, and an explorer. The story is told in his *Boyhood and Youth*.

He was born in Dunbar, Scotland, from old Scottish stock, in 1838. He was a genuine boy, full of fun, healthy and happy, and very fond of the out-of-doors. He would wander in the salt meadows, listening to the song of birds, and along the seashore, hearing the music of the waves, collecting sea weeds and sea fish, all of this being the beginning of his lifelong wanderings.

Early in childhood he liked to watch storms on the water. The thundering of the waters on the bleak headlands and craggy ruins of old Dunbar Castle must have entered into his heart, for always storms, in their awful intensity and destructiveness, had a fascination for him. The roar of the North Sea tempests was ever in his ear, a most impressive and sombre sound. These were experiences which were engraved upon his memory and never effaced. Wind, sky, salt-sea air, rocks, thunder, sudden blazes of lightning, all seemed mixed together with the darkest night. He never forgot those thrilling boyhood experiences.

When Muir was a man he witnessed terrific storms in his beloved mountains. In his *Life and Letters* and in his *National Parks* there are descriptions of storms beyond anything that most of us have ever imagined. One wonders if John Muir ever thought of the twenty-ninth Psalm, that "Ode to the Thunderstorm," when he watched the many storms coming up over the mountains and saw the havoc they made. Perhaps you boys and girls will open your Bible to this Psalm and read aloud this wonderful description of a storm coming up over the Lebanon Mountains. So many times did John Muir witness just such a scene! No wonder he could describe Nature in the way he did in his letters! No wonder

he felt God behind all manifestations of Nature!

John never played truant from school, but he found opportunity to run away on every holiday and Saturday, to wander as he would and study the wilderness around his home. His school days began rather early in his life, at the age of three, having already been taught his letters by his grandfather from shop signs across the street from where he lived.

Education in Scotland, when John was a boy, was quite different from anything that boys and girls of today know. Committing everything to memory was the method used, and many were the thrashings which he and his brother David had because of failure to learn lessons assigned. At home he was obliged to learn Bible verses every day. This was never omitted. "By the time I was eleven years old," writes Muir, "I had learned about three-fourths of the Old Testament and all of the New by heart and by sore flesh. I could recite the New Testament from the beginning of Matthew to the end of Revelation without a single stop." This sounds like a pretty large dose, doesn't it? His father, while he was a stern man, with little education, had a burning belief in the Bible which he kept all through his life, and he believed in having his children learn the sacred words while they were young.

One evening as John and his brother David were studying their lessons for the following day their father gave them the most glorious news. "Bairns," he said, "you needna learn your lessons the night, for we're gan to America the morn!" One wonders how long it took Daniel Muir to make up his mind to emigrate to America, for he was a successful business man of forty-five years, and it took courage and determination to plunge into the "wilds of America" in those days.

Their trip across the Atlantic took six and one half weeks! Only the father, John, David, and Sarah went, the mother and five other children waiting until the

time was right for them to follow. It was an old-fashioned vessel on which they sailed, and the way was rough, but the boys enjoyed the rocking of the old tub and every experience was a thrilling one. The rosy anticipations of childhood made every day a good day, regardless of anything that happened.

John's father had intended going to Canada, but he changed his views while on board the ship and they went into the wilderness of Wisconsin, where a few hardy pioneers had preceded them and where land was more easily brought under cultivation. It must have been a tedious trip across country, for they had brought many iron tools and farming implements with them, besides a cast-iron cook stove and pots and pans, and many provisions.

At Kingston, Wisconsin, with the help of their nearest neighbors, a cabin of burlogs was built in a day, and then they began to live in a new country with new friends, new conditions, and new influences. At first the boys found hours of freedom when they explored field and meadow to their hearts' content, in the very prime of spring. But hard work soon began and it was not long before John found the labor beyond his strength. What followed in the wake of this overwork you must read for yourselves. His *Life and Letters* are full of faith in both God and man, and he found in Nature the blessed assurance that behind all and around all is the Heavenly Father.

Western United States, particularly California, was the region loved by Muir. One of the finest things which he did for the betterment of mankind was his work for the preservation of the forests of America and the establishment of her national parks. In Alaska he discovered the famous glacier which is named for him.

The Milkman

By HARRIETTE WILBURR

The milkman must be up at peep of day,
As soon as Chanticleer has given warning;

And on his route go hurrying away,
So very, very early in the morning.

Beside your door he leaves the milk and cream,

Which give your breakfast table fit adorning,
While yet you lie asleep and soundly dream

So very, very early in the morning.

And when we think of what he has to do,
Not one of us will ever be found scorning

The man who serves us faithfully and true
So very, very early in the morning.

Quite Easy

She: "You consider yourself smart,—how many sides has a pitcher?"

He: "Two,—inside and outside."

Jimmy's Wealth

By Kate S. Gates

JIMMY TUCKER had dashed out into the street one day and snatched Mrs. Bradford's pet dog from the path of a big, swift-coming automobile, and Dr. Bradford had given him a brand new five-dollar bill in token of their appreciation of his saving the life of their pet.

Jimmy had never before had so much money at once in his possession, and he felt like a millionaire. It seemed to him that he could have anything and everything he wanted, but right then and there, strange to say, his troubles began.

Grandfather was the first to offer advice.

"If I were you, James," he said, "I would put that money in the savings bank. It will be drawing interest for you all the time, and when you are fifty you will have a nice tidy sum waiting for you."

"But s'pos'in' I don't live to be fifty," suggested Jimmy. "Then your next of kin would inherit it," said Grandfather, with a twinkle in his eye.

"What good would that do me?" queried Jimmy. "I might have been killed running out in the street, so, seems 's if I ought to have some good of the money myself."

Grandfather had nothing to say to that, and Grandmother appeared just then with her suggestion.

"Don't use it all for yourself, Jimmy. You will get a great deal more enjoyment out of it yourself if you make some one else happy."

"Maybe," said Jimmy doubtfully.

"Whatever else you do, Kid, don't go and blow it all in for the first thing you think you want. If you do you will probably see something else right off that you'll want a lot more. Go slow," said brother Tom.

Jimmy thought that over a minute or two.

"I don't see what good waiting would do. I keep right on wanting new things all the time. Seems to me you might as well get what you want when you want it, or you'll never get anything."

"Getting rather balled up, son?" asked father, laughingly, as he started for the office. "We have to decide these questions for ourselves, I think, so just think it over and then do what seems right to you."

"What am I going to do, Mother?" asked Jimmy that night when he went to bed.

"You do not have to do anything until you are ready, you know," was the reply, "but how would it do to imagine you knew a boy just your age and size who had five dollars to spend just as he pleased. Suppose he asked your advice, what would you tell him?"

Jimmy never forgot the week that fol-



By R. E. ALEXANDER

Seven sober-suited sparrows sitting all a-row;
Beggars at my window-sill and hoping that I'll throw
Crumbs to fortify them against all North Winds that blow.

Seven small red feet tucked tight beneath a draggled wing;
The foot each stands on's freezing, but they can reverse the thing:
Left—right, right—left, is cure for Jack Frost's sting.

Fourteen very bright, black eyes are trying hard to say:
"O Fountain of Benevolence, where were you yesterday?
We came, we waited hours—and we went hungry away!"

A pert and sturdy beggar chirps a tale is meant to stun:
"Yes, Ma'am, I came at Ten O'clock, I was still here at One—
I vow I was much hungrier than the Cat that made me run!"

So I double every ration. Seven tails go wig-wag-wig—
As owners wrestle with a crumb that's just too big
To gulp down in the manner of a big, bad pig!

Seven surely sated sparrows scuttle off to bed—
I think I hear the rooftop creak beneath each ponderous tread;
That last flirt of the tail of each was Thanks for daily bread.

lowed. Time after time he was sure that he had decided just what he wanted to do, but before he could really do it something would come up that changed his mind.

Finally Friday night he announced that he had decided for certain sure, and was not going to think any more about it.

"I'm going down to Johnson's store right after breakfast tomorrow and I'm going to get Fighting Bob Bartlett's book. I've had it from the library three times already, and every time I read it I get more thrilled than I did before. Some places in it make you all shivery and your blood runs cold. He sure is a peach of a man. I wish't I could be like him, but I —couldn't."

In the afternoon he and Tom went to see a picture they were both anxious to see. He brought home some flowers for Mother, some peppermints for Grandmother and a couple of cigars for Dad. When he went to bed he dropped a bright new dime in the little bank on his bureau, and another in the Mite box beside it.

"There!" he exclaimed with a sigh of relief, "that ends it, I've done something that each one advised me to do, and I've had a good time myself. But I know one thing, I don't want to be poorer than Job's turkey, of course, but gee whizz, I don't want a lot of money, either. It is such an everlasting bother to decide how to use it."

The Unbidden Bedfellow

By DUANNE E. YOUNG

A dreadful storm! The kind that sailors dread and in which they suffer so. The snow fell in blankets, and went swirling, and whirling, here and there, by the frigid blasts of the snorting northeaster.

Away up in the bleak country of Labrador, trapper Jacques De Feu was overtaken by the tempest while on his trap line, some two miles from the shelter of his cabin. Dusk was settling and Jacques heavily laden with furs swished doggedly on, tiring rapidly. He grew so tired that he just wanted to slip into the snow and stay there, but that would mean freezing to death, and vain struggles would only bring on exhaustion and its consequences.

He was passing through a small gorge walled in by towering cliffs of solid rock. Suddenly he espied a cleft in the rock—a cave!

"Oh! Mon Dieu, merci!" murmured Jacques as he entered. Going well in, he quickly shook the snow from his clothes and lay down, too weary to think of supper or to observe the surroundings. Outside he could hear the snow falling softly as from afar off, and snug under his big pelts he soon sank into a peaceful slumber.

(Continued on page 60)

THE BEACON CLUB

The Editor's Post Box

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 215 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

7604 CHELWYNDE AVE.,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Dear Editor: I enjoy The Beacon very much and would like to join the Beacon Club and wear its pin. I am 13 years old and am in the ninth grade at school. I go to the Tilden Junior High School, named after the father of the famous tennis player, "Big Bill Tilden." My teacher's name is Miss Loux. I go to the First Unitarian Sunday School of Philadelphia. My teacher's name is Miss Stimson; she is the new parish worker for our church.

Yours very truly,
MARIE VON ZECH.

HINGHAM, MASS.

Dear Editor: May I join your Club? I read your Beacon every Sunday and like it very much. I try to work out the puzzles. I go to the Unitarian Sunday School; my minister is Mr. Hooper.

Sincerely yours,
BETTY SUE BELDING.

(Continued from page 59)

The first light of morning awakened him. The storm had subsided leaving six feet of snow in its wake. He would push on to his cabin for breakfast.

As he stooped to pick up his pack, he stopped abruptly, half bent over with his head cocked on one side, listening. He thought he could hear muffled sounds as of heavy breathing.

Cautiously, he crept forward to peer around a little shelf of rock,—but he drew back hastily. There, curled up in a tight ball, was a large bear!

He dived for his outfit, in two bounds was out of the den and making fast tracks up the gorge.

A Good Resolution

By CHARLES NEVERS HOLMES

Now let us make, ere setting sun,
Or ere a minute more is done,
This good resolve, a hidden one.
This resolution, kept, will be
Our cure for mind's morbidity.
With its assistance we shall see
Ourselves from futile fears carefree;
Resolve this good resolve to make,
Repeat it daily when you wake,
Your resolution do not break.

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

32 BEAUMARIS PLACE,
BUFFALO, N. Y.

Dear Editor: I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club. I go to the Unitarian Church School. My teacher's name is Mrs. Haight. The preacher's name is Mr. Perkins. I am eleven years old and in the sixth grade at school. I love to write stories and hope to write one for *The Beacon* some day.

Yours truly,
ANN ELIZABETH EARL.

28 DAVIS ST.,
WOLLASTON, MASS.

Dear Editor: I would like to join the Beacon Club and wear the *Beacon* pin. I go to the Unitarian Sunday School. My teacher is Mrs. Hatch. She is very interesting indeed. I am making a book of the *Beacons*. I read them every Sunday.

Yours truly,
LOUISE BALDWIN.

Germs

By NED WOODMAN

Germs are marching through the town, back and forth and up and down, east and west and north and south, looking for my nose and mouth. And, because the germs are small, so they can't be seen at all, they have figured out a trick that they hope will make me sick: Pencils, marbles, cuds of gum, every finger, every thumb—germs are perched on all and each, hoping thus my mouth to reach. Put them in my mouth? Not I! You can guess the reason why. That's the way I've got them beaten. Germs are not meant to be eaten.

In the school of the First Parish of Gloucester, Mass., at Christmas, the pupils were given post-card albums in which to mount the cards which they receive from the school on Sundays and on their birthdays. In the albums when they were presented were pictures of the church and a brief typewritten sketch of its history. While this school is not large it has a record of "perfect attendance every Sunday unless they are sick or away."

Puzzlers

Anagram Word Square

Re-arrange the letters in the following words to form four new words which will read the same horizontally and vertically.

RACE—re-arrange to form a word meaning attention

MEAN—re-arrange to form a word meaning so be it

DARE—re-arrange to form a word meaning peruse

SEND—re-arrange to form a word meaning finishes

B. RANDOLPH.

Twisted Islands

1. Taerg ntibria
2. Acsrmdagaa
3. Laasiruta
4. Hlpipinsep
5. Npaa
6. Abrmeud
7. Lyesii
8. Cdnlaie
9. Undwenfoldan
10. Nrgedenla

MARJORIE ELLICOTT.

Answers to Puzzles in No. 12

Enigma.—Peace on earth good will to men.

Hourglass.—

HISTORY
THANK
GUN
N
ATE
ALOOF
YOUNGER

THE BEACON

For School and Home

MARIE W. JOHNSON, Editor

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